To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this Land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprou'dſt me fort.

Hell. Alas ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eies, blood frō my cheeks
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop this tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releiue them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen mee leaue to
Freely will I ſpeake,, *Antiochus* you feare (ſpeake,
And iuſtly too, I thinke you feare the Tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies doe cut his threed of life: your Rule direct to any, if to me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. Weele mingle our bloods togither in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe.
The care I had, and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs we liue ſo round, and ſafe,
That time of both this trueth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Thaliard ſolus,

So, this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere muſt I kill king *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: t'is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that beeing bid to aske what he would of the King, deſired he might know none of his ſecrets.

Now doe I ſee he had ſome reaſon for't: for if a King bid a man be a Villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Huſht, here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus. Eſcanes, with other Lords.

Hell. You ſhall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to queſtion mee of your Kings departure: his ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with mee, does ſpeake ſufficiently hee's gone to trauaile.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as it were vnlicenced of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

Tha. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cauſe I knowe not, tooke ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt hee iudg'd ſo: and doubting leaſt he had err'd or ſinn'de, to ſhew his ſorrowe, hee'de correct himſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whom eache minute threathens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I ſhall not bee hang'd now, although I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe: hee ſcap't the Land to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent my ſelfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.